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WHAT IS JAPANESE MORALITY?

武士道

JAMES A. B. SCHERER

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THE SHRINES OF JAPANESE MORALITY

Booddhist High-Priests Worshiping the Dead

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What Is Japanese Morality?

By James A. B. Scherer

President of Newberry College. Author of "Young Japan," "Japan To-Day," "Four Princes," etc.

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TO

EDWARD TRAILL HORN

For auld lang syne

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THE FORTY-SEVEN RÔNIN

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I

"Shall a nation be born in a day?" The ancient Hebrew prophet asked this question with a strong inflection of doubt, but the marvel of modern Japan has seemed to answer, Yes! Contrast Japan with Russia. Two centuries ago, when the Colossus of the North began that determined southward advance to find an outlet for vast Siberian possessions in unfrozen southern seas, Japan lay in the limbo of oblivion. Russian diplomacy concerned itself with obstacles that were really worth while. China was hoodwinked and muzzled; Europe was held in sullen silence by a terrifying show of power; but Japan was ignored so completely as to argue itself unknown. Was

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it not only a miniature empire, one-fiftieth the size of Russia, inhabited by a race of "monkey-faced dwarfs"? And these dwarfs were the sworn enemies of progress. A hundred and fifty years after Peter the Great had commanded his stalwart subjects to put on the garments of modern civilization, the stupid little Japanese were wearing cumbersome medieval armor into their innumerable internecine feuds, under the leadership of generals who waved fans in the air instead of swords, while the island gates were boldly shut to modern progress. Then, a half century ago the gates were opened, but Russia took no heed. The great southward advance continued, with unswerving and apparently resistless persistence.

Forty years of Japanese progress passed by. Ten years ago, the pygmies forced the giant to take notice of them, as they

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seized the Regent's Sword[1] from befuddled China, and flung it athwart Russia's pathway. But Russia deigned to take notice only long enough to grasp the Regent's Sword and possess it; Japan's interference with China had but hastened the southward advance, which now went forward with unabashed seven-league strides. All Europe wondered and waited, afraid to intervene in the plans of "the greatest of world-powers;" only the English, Russia's traditional foes, were wise enough to pay some slight attention to Japan. These wrought a nominal alliance with the little people who had brandished for a day the Regent's Sword in Russia's face. Meanwhile, the Japanese were politely asking the Russians to define the bounds of the southward ad-

[1] A name often applied to the Liaotung Peninsula, ceded to Japan after the war with China, but given back under the coercion of Russia, who then "leased" it.

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vance, seeing that their own national existence was involved; but the Russians delayed answering upon pretexts incredibly contemptuous and exasperating,[1] while constantly augmenting their armament; when at last, after six months of vain parleying, the pygmies struck swiftly and hard. That was on the eighth of February, 1904. Since that day the world has been wonder-struck. The dwarfs who but

[1] Japan attempted to open negotiations July 28, 1903, and persisted continuously in the attempt. On November 27, the Japanese representative in St. Petersburg telegraphed to his government that the emperor still delayed attention to the matter, "on account of the sickness of the empress. Interior inflammation of her right ear." On December 4, he telegraphed that Count Lamsdorff, in reply to his urgent request that the Count should confer immediately with the emperor, made answer that "Saturday is the fête of Crown Prince, no business is transacted on Sunday, and he will be occupied with other affairs on Monday." These are examples of the Russian excuses, quoted from "Correspondence Regarding the Negotiations between Japan and Russia, Presented to the Imperial (Japanese) Diet, March, 1904."

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yesterday were shut up in medieval barbarism have used unaccustomed Western weapons to such tremendous effect that the mightiest of world-powers is humbled in dust and blood, while Japan, dictator of imperial destinies, is changing the map of the world. It is the marvel of modern history.

It is marvelous, but after all it is not magical; it is in reality the result of a prolonged and peculiar process of national education. The Japanese secluded themselves so perfectly for two and a quarter centuries that the world had no opportunity of finding out what use they were making of their time. In reality, they were educating themselves. Iyeyasu, the *de facto* ruler of Japan for many years (born 1542, died 1616), and the greatest figure in Japanese history, accomplished his most important work when he set the whole nation to studying, after having first

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shut out all disturbing foreign influences. He became the father of a revival of letters comparable in its way with that which had begun in Europe a hundred years earlier. In this case, the Chinese or Confucian classics were revived, but, as in Europe, classical studies prepared the way for the development of a vigorous native literature. Schools were established broadcast for the warrior-class, or *samurai*, where literature was diligently taught, together with caligraphy, history, and geography. So well did this system eventually accomplish its object that Commodore Perry was vastly astonished in 1853 when he found that this nation of hermits, after more than two centuries of insulation, was familiar with the geography and importance of New York City and Washington, even inquiring about the construction of the Panama Canal! We learn from the Perry Narrative that "they seemed to acquire rapidly some in-

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sight into the nature of steam, and the mode with which it was applied to put into action the great engine, and move by its power the wheels of the steamers. Their questions were of the most intelligent character."

But the principal branches of the old-time *samurai* system of education were not so much intellectual as martial; being of a distinctly military nature, such as tactics, fencing, archery, horsemanship, the use of the spear, and *jiū-jutsu* (incorrectly spelled *jiū-jitsu*), that unique physical science which teaches the weak to cope successfully with the strong. Above all, we must not forget that in all of the teaching, supreme emphasis was laid on the virtue of loyalty, which has been called the chief feature of Japanese feudalism, as it remains the secret spring of the country's military strength to this day. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of loyalty in the develop-

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ment of Japanese ethics. Every ray of education has been focused upon this as its object. Even religion has been made a mere tool for the development of patriotism, through the doctrine that the emperor is God. Morality has not been treated after the Western conception, as including a variety of virtues, but as finding its absolute expression in devotion to the prince, who is above wife, above children, above father and mother, above right, because he is no other than the literal "son of heaven." The folk-lore of the people, the religious fables taught to the children, and the parables of the always patriotic preachers, have all converged in the one conclusion that to fear the emperor and to keep his commandments constitutes the whole duty of man. In consequence, there sprang up that strangest of human institutions, the fatal drill known as *hara-kiri*, which added practise to precept through

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the proof of loyalty by the test of the supreme surrender. That is to say, the young men in the ancient schools were daily instructed in all of the tragic details of suicide, having it "impressed on their youthful imaginations with such force and vividness that, when the time for its actual enactment came, they were able to meet the bloody reality without a tremor and with perfect composure." Readiness to surrender the life to one's lord was thus drilled into the very marrow of the nation, for *jigai*, or throat-cutting, among the women corresponded to the *hara-kiri*, or bowel-piercing, of the men.

The most classic and popular illustration of Japanese ethical standards is the true story of the Forty-seven *Rōnin*, whose sacred tomb in Tōkyō is the ever frequented Mecca of Japanese patriotism. The word *rōnin* means "wave-men," being anciently applied to such warriors as had,

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for some reason or other, become detached from their rightful lord, to be tossed by the winds of adventure like turbulent billows about the face of the earth. This group of forty-seven men had become *rōnin* in consequence of the self-inflicted death of their master, Lord Takumi, which is the pivot around which the tragic tale revolves.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, Takumi, by command of the highest authorities, was in service at the court of Tōkyō, then called Yedo, learning the arts of the courtier under a rude and greedy master of ceremonies named Kōtsuke, whose disfavor he incurred because his gifts to this majordomo were not sufficient to appease his greed. Kōtsuke, who was of a mean and spiteful disposition, lost no opportunity to affront Takumi, whose long-suffering self-control he foolishly mistook for cowardice. One day, however, he over-

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stepped the mark. Having ordered Takumi to perform one of the most menial of oriental services—to fasten the latchet of his shoe—he then showed his contempt for the abasement of his proud disciple by a sneer. "Why," he exclaimed, "this country bumpkin cannot even tie a sandal!" With this, the pent-up wrath of Takumi finally gave way, and he flung himself with murderous dirk upon his insolent instructor, who, however, escaped. Takumi, realizing that he had been disloyal to his temporary master, and had also violated the rules of decorum, calmly repaired his fault as best he might by the immediate commission of *hara-kiri.*

To avenge their master's self-inflicted death now became the prime obligation of his forty-seven retainers, according to the fundamental Confucian axiom, "Thou shalt not live under the same heaven nor tread the same earth with the enemy of thy

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father or lord." Accepting the leadership of the chief retainer, Kuranosuke, they bided their time as wave-men, secretly planning revenge.

Kuranosuke is the leading hero of the drama. In order to throw the enemy off his guard, this astute strategist removed to a distant city and surrendered to a life of dissipation. Kōtsuke, well knowing that loyalty would prompt revenge, spied upon his foes with secret emissaries, who, however, reported finally that nothing need be feared, since the leader Kuranosuke had so utterly abandoned himself to a life of dissoluteness as to become the most notorious figure in the city. One day a southern warrior saw him lying drunken in the gutter, and spat upon his face with the scornful words: "Is not this the sometime counsellor of Lord Takumi, who, not having the spirit to avenge his master, gives himself up to women and wine? See how

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he lies drunk in the public streets! Faithless beast! Fool and coward! Unworthy the name of *samurai!*" His wife venturing to reproach him for his shame, he savagely abused and then divorced her, sending her away with their two younger children, and taking into his home a harlot in her stead. "Admirable and faithful man!" exclaims the Japanese moralist who records the story; for whenever loyalty is involved, all other considerations must be sacrificed. Meanwhile, others of the *rōnin* had disguised themselves as artisans or servants, and so found access to the castle of their common enemy in Tōkyō. All were banded together in the solemn oath of revenge, and all were directed by the cunning leadership of Kuranosuke.

Finally, the object of their hatred having been lulled into a complete sense of false security, Kuranosuke secretly joined his companions in Tōkyō, and made ready to

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strike the fatal blow. On a snowy midnight in December, 1703, the loyal conspirators forced their way into their enemy's home, in two bands, under the direction of Kuranosuke and his sixteen-year-old son, Chikara. Every detail had been carefully planned, and after a severe struggle the defenders of Kōtsuke were overpowered. He himself eluded search for a time, but at length was discovered in his hiding-place —a dignified patrician figure, some sixty years of age, clad in a white satin sleeping-robe. Kuranosuke, mindful of the etiquette of the occasion, prostrated himself before the ensnared insulter of his departed lord, and in a polite address offered him the opportunity of suicide. "I myself will have the honor to act as your second, and when, with all humility, I shall have received your lordship's head, it is my intention to lay it as an offering upon the grave of Lord Takumi."

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But the aged Kōtsuke was much too terrified to accept the proffered courtesy, so the chief of the *rōnin* beheaded him with the selfsame dagger wherewith Takumi had died, and, placing the head in a pail, departed with his companions in virtuous joy.

After having feasted on the way in celebration of the consummation of their plan, the forty-seven *rōnin* reached the temple cemetery where their lord lay buried. Here, when they had washed the head in a convenient well, they laid it ceremoniously as an offering upon their master's grave, Kuranosuke and his son Chikara and then each of the others in turn burning incense, while the priests of the temple chanted prayers. They also laid upon the tomb a memorial paper which concluded with the words, "This dirk, by which our honored lord set great store last year, and entrusted to our care, we now bring back. If your

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noble spirit be now present before this tomb, we pray you, as a sign, to take the dirk, and, striking the head of your enemy with it a second time, to dispel your hatred forever. This is the respectful statement of forty-seven men."

In due time the Tōkyō authorities, while secretly admiring the loyalty of the *rōnin*, yet for the sake of law and order condemned them for their crime. This, indeed, the *rōnin* had foreseen, and had paid the priests beforehand for burial with their master, and for masses in behalf of their souls. With one mind, therefore, all of the devoted band committed *hara-kiri*, and were laid to rest beside their martyred master.

The fame of the loyal deed spread rapidly throughout the land, and the tomb at once became a holy place. Among the thousands who came as pilgrims to the scene, was the same southern warrior who in ignorance had once spat upon the drunken

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form of Kuranosuke. Kneeling before the tomb he addressed to the departed spirit a prayer for pardon, and then offered atonement for his fault by committing suicide. He, too, is buried with the *rōnin;* nor has he been the last to follow their fatal example upon that consecrated spot. The writer has often visited the humble little enclosure in Tōkyō which marks the last resting-place of these turbulent wave-men, but never without finding the soil beaten hard by the feet of countless pilgrims, whose white votive offerings always cover the shrine, which is the chief shrine of Japanese morality.[1]

It may thus be perceived how Japan had been prepared for the coming of Commodore Perry, through intellectual education of the most assiduous character, and how

[1] A detailed account of the Forty-Seven *Rōnin*, together with a full treatment of *hara-kiri* and much other interesting matter may be found in A. B. Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan."

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in particular her peculiar military training enabled her to seize our modern Western weapons and work wonders. Nor must it be forgot that one of the most striking traits of the people is their readiness instantly to discard old things for better ones. This unique flexibility of temperament, coupled with the remarkable discipline that resulted from their prolonged period of industrious hermitage, accounts for the Japanese of to-day.

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A JAPANESE CRUCIFIXION

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II

The ethical and intellectual ideals of the Japanese people have been chiefly derived from two foreign systems of thought, Booddhism and Confucianism. These have intermingled with the native mythology known as Shintō, "the way of the gods." All have agreed in teaching the supreme importance of loyalty: Booddhism by its doctrine of self-repression, Confucianism through the great law of filialism, extended to the State, the obligation becoming the more intense as it extends upward from the family to the father of his people; and Shintō, essentially ancestor-worship, with its superadded belief that the father of his people is divine. In a nation which makes everything of loyalty, the *samurai*, or

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warrior-class, naturally became pre-eminent, and the ethical system of Japan has finally become known as *Bushidō*, "the way of the warrior." *Bushidō* is not an original system of morals, but a handy name to denote the *samurai* code, which has been builded of complex elements around the lodestone of loyalty.

Striking illustrations of the strong survival of this spirit are of almost daily occurrence, especially among the soldier and student classes, who worship it frequently under the name of *Yamato-damashii*, or "Japanese soul." A somewhat amusing instance comes to mind as I write. In a government school in southern Japan we had a native teacher who was notoriously of a dilatory habit. On ordinary occasions this gave but little concern, as the people at large are celebrated for a contemptuous disregard of the value of time. But on stated occasions the Imperial Educational

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Rescript is read, which, since it emanates from *Tenshi Sama*, the "son of heaven," is deemed both holy and inspired. And once Professor Darezo (let us call him) dared to be late for the Rescript. Immediately the loyalistic students took the teacher in hand. Darezo was the teacher of Ethics. It did not matter that he had habitually violated most of the chief moralities embraced in the Western conception, but to them it did matter profoundly that he should show disrespect for the emperor's essay. In their youthful fervor the students felt that His Imperial Majesty had been grossly insulted through this neglectful attitude,—and in a formal petition they consequently commanded Professor Darezo to commit *hara-kiri* that he might expiate his crime. Darezo declined to kill himself literally, but he was dead from that time forward so far as his influence was concerned, because he had infringed the sole and single law of

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duty, the morality of loyalty. Many of those same students are now in the army and navy. It is easy to infer that they make magnificent soldiers, seeing that all of their ideals center in loyalty, and they have no higher aspiration than to lay down their lives for deity incarnate on the throne. *Bushidō* is the chief secret of the marvelous military strength of Japan.

An attempt is now being made by subtle Japanese writers to set this word in our dictionaries as a synonym for chivalry, but it may reasonably be contended that loyalty unmixed with other equal virtues hardly constitutes a title to knighthood as we now interpret the term. In "Japan To-day" I have told how a class of students once chose the suicide of Admiral Ting to illustrate the noblest deed of which they had ever heard—with the exception, indeed, of one precocious scholar, who eulogized a peasant that had slain his wife in order to

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feed her liver to his aged mother, and so restore failing vision! The end in each case was loyalty, for Ting had felt that it would disgrace the Chinese emperor for such an exalted official as himself to surrender to the Japanese foe; and as for the peasant, his parent was to him in place of prince,—filial piety being a lower branch of loyalty,—but the means employed seemed to my Western mind to be hideous. A London journal, reviewing the book, flung back at me the glass-house proverb, with certain pointed remarks about American lynchings. But the British paper utterly missed the issue. It is hardly conceivable that an American boy could write of lynching as a noble thing; we universally deprecate and deplore it. On the other hand, the Japanese students exalted suicide and wife-murder into the noblest deeds of which they had ever heard, because of the end in view. And now comes

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Professor Nitobe's little book on *Bushidō*, whose ideals he seems to glorify, and it contains the following typical example of *Bushidō* ethics:

Michizane, now worshiped with divine honors as the patron saint of education, was sent into exile by a cruel ruler during his lifetime—in the ninth century—and a price set on the heads of all his household. Genzo, a schoolmaster disciple of Michizane's, succeeded in secreting his master's son for a little season, but the hiding-place was discovered by zealous spies, and the child was condemned to death. The loyal Genzo now sought a substitute with whom to deceive the executioner, and with success. At the critical moment a mother appeared leading her little boy, who bore such striking resemblance to Michizane's son that the official who came to identify the trunkless head declared himself to be satisfied. But this official was none other

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than Genzo himself, father of the murdered child, who had wormed his way into this position in order to save his master's son. The mother, as loyal as her husband, was of course party to the sacrifice, upon which both parents had agreed as the only recourse of loyalty. This is the story deliberately set forth as an illustration of Japanese ethical ideals, the author suggesting its analogy with the story of Abraham and Isaac. Instilled into the plastic minds of generations of Japanese children, such stories—venerated as we reverence our Bible—have begotten unquestioning courage, and a loyalty that hesitates at nothing; but courage does not spell the whole of character, nor is such loyalty synonymous with chivalry.

There is one incident in Japanese history that rises very high as an example of pure altruism attained in spite of the obligations of "loyalty," but—for this very reason,

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perhaps—it is not greatly exalted by the Japanese moralists themselves. For people of Christian training it possesses peculiar interest as indicating the latent possibilities of this most interesting race towards an acceptance and practical application of the gospel.

When the great Iyemitsu was generalissimo (*shōgun*) of the empire, a greedy but powerful nobleman bearing the same name as the villain in the story of the Forty-seven *Rōnin* so oppressed the peasants who tilled his lands that they underwent "the tortures of hell upon earth." Lord Kōtsuke resided at the court of Iyemitsu in Tōkyō. The peasants having frequently appealed in vain to their lord's local stewards for relief, at length hit upon the desperate expedient of addressing him personally in Tōkyō. Under the old ceremonial dispensation this plan was attended with grave dangers, being regarded as an

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outrage upon rank; while the *shōgun* himself and his private affairs were deemed so inviolate that the extreme degradation of crucifixion was reserved not only for parricide (including the killing or striking of parents, uncles, aunts, elder brothers, masters, or teachers) and the coining of counterfeit money, but also for passing the barriers of the *shōgun's* territory without a permit. The headsmen of the oppressed villages, however,—one hundred and thirty-six in number,—persistently journeyed to Tōkyō, where they met with disheartening rebuffs. The wisest of their number, Sōgorō, clearly foreseeing that nothing short of an appeal to Iyemitsu himself could relieve them, and that this as surely meant death, had failed to join his companions in their journey, and had in consequence incurred their displeasure. But when they had exhausted all their resources they sent messengers invoking his

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assistance; and he, completely foreseeing the issue, departed from his family with the words: "Let us drink a cup of wine together, for it may be that you shall see my face no more. I give my life to allay the misery of the people of this estate. If I die, mourn not over my fate; weep not for me."

Arrived in Tōkyō, Sōgorō first tried the expedient of an appeal to a member of the cabinet, with the only result that he and his associates were repelled in bitter disgrace. He then took the last desperate step. One day in December, as Iyemitsu traveled in state to the tomb of his princely ancestors, Sōgorō, who had concealed himself under a bridge, assaulted the sacrosanct palanquin and thrust his petition forcibly into the hands of the *shōgun*. He was arrested, but the *shōgun* relieved the poor peasants.

Kōtsuke's rapacity having been exposed

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to his peers, he was outraged beyond all endurance; and, being absolute master of his territory, he condemned not only the offender to death, but also his wife and three children. Being implored to spare the lives of the mother and children he answered, "Where the sin of the father is great, the wife and the children must suffer."

In February, 1644, Sōgorō and his family were crucified. It is reported that the wife called from her cross to the husband, "Let us cheerfully lay down our single lives for the good of the many. Man lives for but one generation; his name, for many. A good name is rather to be prized than life."

So she spoke; and Sōgorō on the cross, laughing gaily, answered:

"Well said, wife. What though we are punished for the many? Our petition was successful, and there is nothing left to wish for. Now I am happy, for I have attained

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my heart's desire. The changes and chances of life are manifold. But if I had five hundred lives, and could five hundred times assume this shape of mine, I would die five hundred times to avenge this iniquity. For myself I care not; but that my wife and children should be punished also, is too much. Pitiless and cruel! Let my lord fence himself in with iron walls, yet shall my spirit burst through them and crush his bones, as a return for this evil deed."

The moral sublimity of the story is marred by the vengeful spirit of the victim, who is said to have tormented the tyrant afterwards as a ghost; "but," adds the Japanese chronicler, "in the history of the world, from the dark ages down to the present time, there are few instances of one man laying down his life for the many, as Sōgorō did; noble and peasant praise him."

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BUSHIDŌ

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III

Although the incident caused great international excitement at the time, it now seems to have passed from the public mind that Nicholas of Russia (then Czarevitch) was almost assassinated while traveling through Japan in 1891. To me it has seemed possible that this peculiar monarch mistook the noble shame into which the Japanese people were plunged by this incident for an ignoble cowardice,—they made the most abject apologies,—and that this accounts to a large degree for the contempt in which for so long he seemed to hold them. But the incident has significance in the present inquiry as going to prove that the strange ideals of *Bushidō* are still the dominant impulses of the peo-

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ple. The *samurai* policeman who struck that blow, and the *samurai* youth who shot Li Hung Chang four years afterward, were led by a feeling of mistaken loyalty to rid their country of visitors whose very presence seemed to them to be an insult to the sacred soil. Not only so, but the attempted assassination of the Czarevitch was promptly followed by the suicide of a *samurai* woman who left a dying declaration that she would thus with her blood expiate the outrage that had been wrought by the policeman upon the national hospitality.

Within a few months after this an incident even more remarkable occurred. An American missionary had been mysteriously murdered, and the government had vainly set its excellent police to find the criminal. Two years having passed, a man now came forward and confessed the crime. He was about to be executed,

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when his friends succeeded in proving beyond all doubt that he had no connection whatsoever with the murder. Questioned as to what strange motive could have led him to confess to a capital crime of which he was absolutely innocent, the man calmly replied that Japan had been disgraced in the eyes of the nations through the failure of the police to find the criminal, and he desired to wipe out the blot by the sacrifice of his own innocent life.

Similar examples were of frequent occurrence during the Russo-Japanese war. I cite these because they came under my own personal observation, and because they seem to be extremely typical. Loyalty prompted alike the blow at the Czarevitch and the atoning suicide, the murder of the missionary for subverting national customs, and the self-surrender of the innocent man to mitigate international contempt. It only remains to be

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added that each actor in these tragedies assumed heroic proportions in the eyes of the people, although indeed they deemed the would-be assassins mistaken in their manner of expressing loyalty,—for the spirit of loyalty, in one form or another, is the sole controlling ideal of Japanese morals. In the case of the policeman that struck the Russian prince and the fervid youth who shot the distinguished Chinese statesman, the people disowned the deed, but condoned the spirit that prompted it; for it was the spirit of *Bushidō*, "the way of the warrior," and this is the way of salvation.

Bushidō carries with it some most admirable traits. Loyalty is itself a noble spiritual fruitage, and its prerequisite is unfaltering courage. Not only so, but the loyalty of vassals elicits reciprocal benevolence on the part of the lord who is served. *Noblesse oblige.* The obligation of rank is

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a principle of wide application in Japan to-day, underlying even the commonplace giving of tea-money. Stinginess was despised among *samurai* as unworthy of men who traffic in spiritual entities. Two favorite moral maxims answer to each other as follows: "Above all things, men must practise charity, for it is by almsgiving that wisdom is fed." "Less than all things men must grudge money, for it is by riches that wisdom is hindered." Moreover, the mutual relationships between lord and vassal in the various grades of society gave rise in a naturally esthetic people to an elaborate ceremonial of politeness,—and politeness has been defined as "morality in trifles." But the finest trait of the *samurai* was his splendid self-control, born of the teachings of Booddhism, and nourished by elaborate system,—a quality which, superimposed on a naturally hot and impetuous temperament, gives him to-day his

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final paradoxical strength as a soldier, linking a more than Teutonic coolness with the irresistible passion of the Celt. If the sole aim of character is the development of splendid fighting machines, then *Bushidō* is the finest moral system in the world. And with all of our boasted moral progress, the truth still remains that we dearly love a fighter, so that we seem half likely to be dazzled by the militant patriotism of Japan into a belief that the people are demigods.

But even such qualities as loyalty and self-control are liable to be overwrought. Indeed it may be set forth as an axiom that every virtue can be exaggerated into a vice which is its counterfeit, and works for its eventual undoing. Thus bravery may degenerate into bravado, and modesty to prudery, humility to servility, and love into lust. So also in "The Mikado's Empire" we come upon the startling declaration that "the annals of no other country are

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richer in the recitals of results gained by treachery" than the annals of loyalist Japan. But is it not really inevitable that, if loyalty to one's lord be the sole goal of conduct, unchecked by a sense of obligation toward one's fellows, treachery to the whole world besides must be its price? And is not the duty of treachery distinctly implied by the very story which Professor Nitobe selects as the quintessence of *Bushidō*? Little did it concern Michizane's vassal that he should play the part of traitor to his employer and to his own paternal affection in order to be loyal to his lord. And likewise if other typical instances of Japanese loyalty be closely searched, it will be found that a noble self-sacrifice is not the only principle involved, but the ignoble sacrifice of things sacred.

After the same fashion their Booddhistic stoicism has seemed to rob them of sympathy,—a quality which one of their great-

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est educators has declared to be among their sorest needs. I speak of ethical sympathy, not of the esthetic. The latter they have in plenty, so that a native writer may beautifully say: "Though they come stealing to your bedside in the silent watches of the night, drive not away, but rather cherish these,—the fragrance of flowers, the sound of distant bells, the insect hummings of a frosty night." A marvelous sympathy with nature has made them her chosen artistic interpreters in modern times, but a stoical coldness of heart precludes the sweetness of friendship, and fills the beautiful land with the blemishes of cruelty on every hand,—from the chained and lacerated animals in the Ueno Museum to the inhumanly neglected insane. A cataclysm in which a score of thousand people lose their lives, as in the earthquake of 1891 or the tidal wave of 1896, does not awaken one tithe of the sentiment elicited by the incon-

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veniences of a single traveler in his efforts to spy upon Russia.[1] Loyalty must somewhere be present if agony is to be redeemed from vulgarity.

The doctrine that the supreme end of loyalty justifies any means that may be found useful, is doubtless to a large degree responsible for the Japanese attitude towards truth. Despite the labored explanations of apologists, it is a literal fact that if you ask an ordinary Japanese which is better, to tell a falsehood or be impolite, he will not hesitate to answer, "To tell a falsehood." The passing of the lie is a sort of jocular compliment, a tribute to the liar's smooth shrewdness. An amusing illustration of the relation between veracity and politeness comes to my mind as I write. In order to make the point clear, one must know that blonde hair in Japan is called

[1] Major Fukushima, who rode horseback through Asiatic Russia ten years ago.

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red, that blue eyes are called green, and that red hair and green eyes are the peculiar and hideous attributes of the Japanese devil. Noting one day as I stood on one end of the school-room platform that the lads at the other end were visibly agitated by English words which a somewhat mischievous boy in the front row had written on his tablet, I moved softly to his side before he was aware of my presence. The words he had written were these: "The foreigner has green eyes and red hair." At this juncture a companion nudged him, and he realized the situation. Without the tremor of a muscle or the flutter of his lowered almond eyelids, he calmly proceeded to complete the sentence—"and he is very beautiful." I was so amused by this incongruous conclusion that I wrote the words on the blackboard, expecting the class to join me in mirth over the glaring absurdity. To my astonishment, not a soul

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cracked a smile; the whole class upheld the solemn-faced lad in his assertion that he intended a compliment, since to do otherwise would have been openly impolite to their teacher; and I had to fortify my recollection of Japanese demonology by a subsequent appeal to the native teachers, who heartily enjoyed the incident.

Honesty is veracity in business affairs. One would therefore expect to find *Bushidō* insufficient at this point, and indeed the chief defenders of Japanese "chivalry" are compelled to confess, "A loose business morality has been the worst blot on our national reputation," although they explain this away through the *samurai* indifference to money matters. Japanese commercial dishonesty, in striking contrast with the solid trustworthiness of the stolid Chinese, has passed into an international byword, so that the most strenuous of apologists is compelled to apologize for it.

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But those who would have us receive this new "chivalry" almost as one of our numerous new religions, and make of it a cult for our own emulation, are less frank on the subject of the treatment of Japanese women. "I have noticed a rather superficial notion prevailing among half-informed foreigners," says a certain subtle writer, "that because the common Japanese expression for one's wife is 'my rustic wife,' and the like, she is despised and held in little esteem. When it is told that such phrases as 'my foolish father,' 'my swinish son,' 'my awkward self,' etc., are in current use, is not the answer clear enough?" Unfortunately for the illustrative efficacy of this carefully worded interrogation, such phrases as those mentioned are not in "current use," with the exception of the insulting epithet constantly applied to one's wife, to which justice is hardly done by the mild translation of our very ingen-

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ious apologist. It is a matter of common knowledge that the writings of Japanese moralists abound in such maxims as this: "Other kinsfolk [than the parents] may be likened unto the rushes, while husbands and wives are but as useless stones." Professor Chamberlain, the highest living authority on things Japanese, comments on this maxim as follows: "According to the Confucian ethical code, which the Japanese adopted, a man's parents, his teacher, and his lord, claim his lifelong service, his wife standing on an immeasurably lower plane."

The most eloquent and truthful study of Japan that has been presented to the English-reading public by a native writer is "The Awakening of Japan," by Professor Okakura Kakuzō. His treatment of the subject of womanhood, in spite of certain defects, seems so exceptionally fine that I venture to present it here at length. "The Western attitude of profound respect toward

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the gentler sex," declares the essayist, "exhibits a beautiful phase of refinement which we are anxious to emulate. It is one of the noblest messages that Christianity has given us. Christianity originated in the East, and, except as regards womanhood, its modes of thought are not new to Eastern minds. As the new religion spread westward through Europe, it naturally became influenced by the idiosyncrasies of the various converted nations, so that the poetry of the German forest, the adoration of the Virgin in the middle centuries, the age of chivalry, the songs of the troubadours, the delicacy of the Latin nature, and, above all, the clean manhood of the Anglo-Saxon race, probably all contributed their share toward the idealization of woman." It may be remarked that the writer hardly does justice to the all-important fact that faith in the Incarnation has done more for the exaltation of woman

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hood than all other influences combined. He then goes on: "In Japan, woman has always commanded a respect and freedom not to be found elsewhere in the East. We have never had a Salic law, and it is from a female divinity, the Sun-goddess, that our Mikado traces his lineage. During many of the most brilliant epochs in our ancient history we were under the rule of a female sovereign. Our Empress Jingō personally led a victorious army into Korea, and it was Empress Suiko who inaugurated the refined culture of the Nara period. Female sovereigns ascended the throne in their own right even when there were male candidates, for we considered woman in all respects as the equal of man.[1] In our classic literature we find the names of more great authoresses than authors, while in feudal days some of our amazons charged with the bravest of the Kamakura

[1] This statement may be very gravely questioned.

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knights. As time advanced and Confucian theories became more potent in molding our social customs, woman was relegated from public life and confined to what was considered by the Chinese sage as her proper sphere, the household. Our inherent respect for the rights of womanhood, however, remained the same, and as late as the year 1630 a female mikado, Meishō Tennō, ascended the throne of her fathers. Until after the Restoration, a knowledge of such martial exercises as fencing and *jiū-jutsu* was considered part of the education of a *samurai's* daughter, and is, indeed, still so considered among many old families. . . . We have never hitherto, however, learned to offer any special privileges to woman. Love has never occupied an important place in Chinese literature; and in the tales of Japanese chivalry, the *samurai*, although ever at the service of the weak and oppressed, gave his help quite irre-

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spective of sex. To-day we are convinced that the elevation of woman is the elevation of the race. She is the epitome of the past and the reservoir of the future, so that the responsibilities of the new social life which is dawning on the ancient realms of the Sun-goddess may be safely intrusted to her care."

Excellent as this eloquent passage is, it colors the condition of Japanese womanhood with a hue too roseate for the sober truth; especially when the fervid defender of *Bushidō* ideals declares that in his native land the wife is not less adored than with us, while maternity is holier. Filial piety does indeed secure peace for the declining days of a mother, but this decline is liable to begin very early in life on account of the sad lot of the wife. She is the literal servant not only of her husband but also of his parents; is subject to divorce for his least caprice or whim, and the victim of an

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unabashed concubinage. A distinguished writer truthfully remarks that the Japanese, whose customs are antipodal to ours in so many ways, even contradict us in their fashion of sowing wild oats: a man's career of dissipation, instead of tending to end with his marriage, only begins then. Within my own experience, the general attitude of young Japan towards womankind was once ludicrously indicated by a student who, anxious at the same time to air his knowledge of the alien language and his contempt for the alien chivalry, declared, "When I do see the foreigner kiss his wife, I do always catch a sick." Another student was mortally offended because his American teacher attempted to tease him about a pretty girl, thus placing him on the same low plane with the despised feminine.

It is in connection with the general question of woman that Japanese morality shows at its worst, and their boasted "chivalry"

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is divested of its charm. The history of *Bushidō* abounds in belauded stories of women whose virtue was pandered to loyalty, while many a *samurai* sold his wife or his daughter into a life of shame in order to fill his lord's coffers or his own with the wealth that makes war. While I was living in Tōkyō, one of the principal theaters was the scene of an unusually popular play, the plot running somewhat as follows: An ancient lord needed money, and asked one of his most faithful retainers to obtain it. The loyal servant hit upon an ingenious plan. Having defiled the daughter of a princely neighbor, he threatened to expose the fact of her intimacy with a social inferior unless much money should be given him; that is, he levied blackmail. And this was not the villain, but the hero of the play, because he was loyal to his lord! He was greeted with rounds of applause. We do well to ponder

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such typical instances as these before worshiping Japanese morality, or concluding that the people have no need of the gospel.

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A BOODDHIST SERMON

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IV

The present is a season of serious religious degeneration in Japan. This is the case whether we examine Shintō, Confucianism, or Booddhism. True it is that many temples are erected and maintained, but the moral influence of the three so-called religions is slight in the extreme. Shintō, indeed, has never stood for any moral principle except loyalty. It is a cult of combined naturism and ancestor-worship, fostered by the present government because it teaches the divinity of royalty, and is therefore an important tool of statecraft. Confucianism is the moral system professed by the majority of the educated classes until recently, but it has now been widely discarded either for the derivative

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code of *Bushidō* or for an ill-digested hash of Herbert Spencer and Positivism.

Lafcadio Hearn, an ardent admirer both of Spencer and of Booddhism, has drawn a striking parallel between his two favorite philosophies.[1] The esoteric teaching of Booddhism, as may be well gathered from Mr. Hearn's attractive presentation, is both profound and in many respects admirable. But its very nature shuts it off from the common people as a wide-spread moral influence, except in its one most obvious aspect—as a religion of self-repression. For the priceless lesson of self-control, which they have learned so well and against so many inborn obstacles, the Japanese owe a boundless debt to Booddhism. It is also the source of their ancient rich education, in letters, arts, and crafts. But to-day it has fallen from its

[1] See "The Higher Buddhism," in Japan; an Interpretation.

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high estate, and exists as a husk without seeds.

As a popular system of religion, Booddhism in Japan has long seemed to lack moral earnestness. The sermons of the priests remind us of the monkish quirks of the European Middle Ages; they have the flavor of the *Gesta Romanorum.* The clergy itself has sunk into notorious sloth and immorality, so that the recent rebuke from the government was well deserved.

There is a famous and popular book called "Talks About the Way of Heavenly Learning"[1] which contains some choice specimens of Booddhist homilies. One chapter has an account of an encounter bebetween a priest and a *samurai* or *bushi* that seems especially appropriate when discussing *Bushidō.* It is given here because it presents a fair idea of the methods of popular Japanese religion at its best. In

[1] *Shingaku Michi no Hanashi.*

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the translation I acknowledge much indebtedness to the faithful labor of Dr. William Imbrie in his work on Japanese Etymology. The piece is properly entitled, Heaven and Hell.

Once upon a time there came a *bushi* from a certain province to see Ikkyū the famous priest, and said to him:

"I myself have always been something of a student, and feel as if I had settled pretty much everything in the universe. But there is one thing I don't understand; and that is, the Booddhist doctrine of heaven and hell. I know very well that there are certain scriptural passages which teach that they really exist, but then there are other passages that seem to deny their existence. On the whole, now, which of these views is to be accepted as correct? Do they really exist, or not?"

Priest Ikkyū looked the *bushi* straight in the face.

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A KNIGHT OF BUSHIDŌ

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"What!" said he, "Is there a hell? Is there a heaven? Are you trotting around asking that sort of thing? What sort of fellow are you, anyhow?"

The *bushi* flushed and answered:

"I am a *bushi*, to be sure, and I want to find out whether there is a heaven and hell or not. What's the matter with that?"

But the priest laughed contemptuously and said:

"What! you call yourself a *bushi? You* belong to the *bushi* family? Indeed! Supposing that you are a *bushi*, are you a bushwhacker or a bush-beggar? Are you a land-bush or a water-bush?[1] If you are a real true-true *bushi*, you ought at least to know the meaning of *Bushidō;* but it seems that you don't yet know even the meaning of *Bushidō.* See here! A *bushi*, from the crown of his head to the tips

[1] Like most puns, these are well nigh untranslatable. I have done my best with them.

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of his toes—no, even to life itself, belongs to his master; in no sense whatever is he his own. Since that is the case, each one, firstly in times of peace, gives strict attention night and day to his own business, and thus sees to it that his master's affairs don't suffer. And then, when the danger-alarm is sounded, he must stand in front of his master's horse, make his own life a target, rush into the very midst of the enemy, and by all means behead as many of them as he can. But you, although you hold an important post like that, have idly come here with your foolish questions, 'Tell me, is there a hell? Tell me, is there a heaven?' Bah! what a piece of foolishness! Suppose they do exist, what are you going to do about it? People call a fellow like you a *bushi*-stick, or *bushi*-trash, or *bushi*-scattergrain! Yah! Ugh! You *bushi* not worth your own fodder!"—and, rap! he struck him with a fan upon the head!

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With this the *bushi* flared up and shouted:

"You miserable chatterbox of a monk, you! I have let you chatter straight along and you have abused me to your heart's desire! Even if you do wear the cloth, you are not to get off scot-free! Come, now, and say your prayers!"

Whereupon, seizing the sword that hung at his side he drew it from its sheath with a single smooth swish, and Ikkyū the priest stood aghast.

"Look out!" he cried. "He has drawn! Now let me run!" and, jumping down into the yard, he fled.

Close behind him chased the panting *bushi*, brandishing his icy sword and yelling,

"You think you can get away by running, eh?"

But suddenly Priest Ikkyū coolly wheeled about and faced him, pointing at him in his rage, and crying,

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"Oh, horrible! Why, *that* is hell!" whereupon a startled exclamation burst from the *bushi*, and he flung his sword clattering on the ground with the words,

"Right you are! This indeed is hell! And so your honorable raillery just now was only a noble device with which you condescended to teach me this? The hell that had no existence until a moment ago came into existence the instant I heard your Reverence's passing raillery! So, then, it is not fixed as to its existence, and it is not fixed as to its non-existence; and for this very reason I now perceive that it is a thing to be truly dreaded! Wonderful! Wonderful! I thank you a thousand times!"

And with tears streaming down his face he made his obeisance, while Ikkyū the priest smiled blandly and said:

"Oh, you have quickly understood; and so I, too, am satisfied! Glory! Glory! Oh, this is heaven! This indeed is heaven!"

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"So runs the story. And was not that a very happy way of putting it?"

Without doubt this is more than a humorous story, suggestive of more morals than one. But the levity that pervades it is typical, and helps to account for the fact that the people are frequently charged with frivolity in matters affecting religion. Says one of their critics: "'Frivolous' is a hard word for people who have been so thorough in their reforms, and are so simple in their lives, but it is the only word which seems to fit a people who have so little sense of awe and so little friendship with sorrow. They live over a volcano, but their talk is of flowers, and their interest is in the last foreign importation. There is an absence in their art and their history of the grand. The terrible is interrupted by the grotesque, and the wish to provoke a laugh seems almost irresistible. There is no Fifty-first Psalm in their

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language, and no Puritan in their history.

"It is as a consequence of this frivolity that principle is weak and originality rare. They have not been awed into seriousness by a vision of the 'I am,' or of the 'One high and lifted up;' they have not learned that anything is fixed, and they do not know 'The Eternal.'"

This author,[1] in a remarkably discerning essay that appeared in The Contemporary Review more than a dozen years ago, declares that before the Japanese can receive and appreciate the gospel, they must first have the preaching of the Law. "They need Moses and the prophets lest they become Christian atheists, followers indeed of Christ as a man and a teacher, but without the knowledge of the God whose image Christ is. Moses, we are told, aspired to see the face of God, the author of the law

[1] The Rev. S. A. Barnett.

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he preached to the people. That was impossible, but as he hid in the cleft of the rock he was allowed to see the hinder part —he learned, that is to say, of God in history. The Japanese have need to be brought where, looking back on the past, they will see traces that the righteous God has passed by. A Moses must startle them by revealing the Almighty who is not far from any one, and is terrible in his righteousness; a prophet must convince them of sin, and force from their hearts the words, 'Woe is me, for I am undone.' The Christianity they are taught must be that which made Felix tremble: the Christ who is preached must be the Christ whose eyes are as fire; and the demand made must not be the acceptance of a form or a creed, or even of a code of morals, but of a new life. The Japanese need to be awed, to be smitten into seriousness, by the revelation of the God who is above the

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world, and of the hell which is underneath civilization.

"Up to now they have delighted to paint Fuji-yama, their sacred mount, surrounded by birds and flowers, and they have regarded the happy man as the highest man. They have need to learn of Moses and the prophets that fire is the fitting garment of the holy mountain, and that the Man of Sorrows is the highest man. When they know the Eternal, they will make friends with sorrow, and the Christian message will be comfort and joy and peace."

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CHRISTIANITY

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V

Lafcadio Hearn, in the most valuable of his many books on Japan, declares that "the history of Japan is really the history of her religion." In the interpretation of this statement, it must be borne in mind that religion here really means *Bushidō*, which is nothing more nor less than a remarkable implement of government. In other words, the moral and religious instincts of the people have all been utilized directly for the support of the throne. A god sits upon that throne, and loyalty is therefore the whole of morality. Booddhism and Confucianism have been adapted to this theory, which lies at the foundation of Shintō. The religion of the Japanese is patriotism, and their government is a

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pseudo-theocracy. For the government, from the earliest times to the present, has been that group of strong men who could control the incarnate deity, the Mikado, and through his divine voice control the people.

So it has come to pass that the Japanese is morally impersonal, and his ethical motives are not impulsions, but the result of compulsion exercised upon him from without. His master's word has come to be his moral law, and ages of feudalism have elaborated this law into a complex system, rigid against individualism, inflexible in behalf of the state. Booddhism, with its doctrine of individual repression, has vastly assisted in this process. And Booddhism has assisted no less with its impersonal teaching about God. A great writer on theism has declared: "Belief in the personality of man, and belief in the personality of God, stand or fall together. Where

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faith in the personality of God is weak, or is altogether wanting, as in the case of the pantheistic religions of the East, the perception which men have of their own personality is found to be in an equal degree indistinct. The feeling of individuality is dormant. The soul indolently ascribes to itself a merely phenomenal existence. It conceives of itself as appearing for a moment, like a wavelet on the ocean, to vanish again in the all-engulfing essence whence it emerged."

These several co-operative influences have so wrought upon the naturally individualist temperament of the Japanese in the course of the last fifteen centuries as to make it possible for an acute observer to argue successfully that the Japanese mind is become impersonal (Mr. Percival Lowell, in "The Soul of the Far East"). And it is in the substitution of the external letter of the moral law for informing spirit that one

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finds the whole explanation of the defective Japanese morality. The distortion glares horribly in the picture of the father fingering the bloody head of his child in order to protect his princeling, the spirit of natural affection being stifled in behalf of a superimposed artificial loyalty.[1] It accounts for the experience which distressed Mr. Hearn, and which every foreign teacher in Japan must have noted. Your pupil, who is docile and polite in his senior year, a model of application and decorum and deference, will return to see you next year, transformed into an insolent, arrogant prig. The ethical system had taught him, and long generations before him, the duty of deference to teachers, but the *spirit* of deference is lacking; and so when the external relationship of teacher and pupil is gone, pagan morality lapses into barbarism. Needless to say, *Bushidō* has proved fatal to friendship, as to conjugal felicity;

[1] See page 28.

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for friendship implies equality, and *Bushidō* was a system of relationships between higher and lower. Its loyalty was a tool of government.

The peculiar externalism of Japanese ideals is nowhere seen more clearly than in that most interior of motives known as the personal honor. The language lacks an equivalent for this word, because it is so intensely personal; just as it lacks a word for sin, while it has one for crime. But in the exploitation of Japanese chivalry the apologists have naturally treated of "honor," and it is exceedingly interesting to note the definition unconsciously employed. Writing of the ancient warriors, Professor Nitobe says: "The sense of honor which cannot bear being looked down upon as an inferior power,—that was the strongest of motives."

We are also told that in ancient mercantile notes it was a usual thing to insert the

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clause: "In default of the repayment of the sum lent to me, I shall say nothing against being ridiculed in public." A prominent modern teacher has called ridicule the gravest of evils. And notwithstanding the beautiful maxims of Chinese sages concerning honor, it is to be feared that Japan as a nation to-day is still controlled, even in the making of its peace terms, by that "sense of honor which cannot bear being looked down upon as an inferior power." In other words, even the sense of honor is objective.

Christianity is exactly opposed to the ancient Japanese system of government. It destroys the belief in a God-emperor at a blow. Not only so, but it is essentially and intensely individual. "The kingdom of God is within you,"—that is its main moral tenet. Christ came to break down the piety of formalism, the religion that laid burdens on men from without, and to

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teach responsibility to the inner shrine of the spirit. "Ye are the temple of God" is its watchword. It is little wonder that the statecraft of Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu opposed itself to this religion, just as the worldly-wise Trajan outlawed it in Rome. Christianity works toward freedom, and *Bushidō* was spiritual bondage.

But it must always be kept clearly in mind that the Japanese are by nature of a powerfully individualist temperament, impetuous, restive, headlong,—Tartar to the very bone. They owe a great debt to Boodhism for its age-long lessons in self-mastery, for without this priceless schooling they would long ago have wrought their own destruction. They now leap eagerly, and, as it were, by instinct, toward the floodgates of the liberating West. With what amazing rapidity did their intrepid spirits cast off the shackles of the tyrannical Shōgunate system,—the natural crystallization

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of *Bushidō*,—and clothe themselves on with the freedom of constitutional government! Only a nature of the most intense individualism could have accomplished such an astonishing turning about, and only a nation that had somehow learned the most rigid self-control could have accomplished this feat without destruction. Is it too much to believe that these are God's chosen children of the East, schooled in mysterious fashion for the reception of the truth that maketh free, and panoplied to be the evangelists of Asia?

I will not dwell upon the fact that the Japanese are familiar, through ages of their own peculiar history, with the doctrine of substitutionary sacrifice, and even with the theory of incarnation. I have already selected from their own annals a luminous illustration of the crucifixion.[1] I desire to suggest a more profound preparation that they have had, beyond all peoples in his-

[1] See page 30.

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tory, for one of the fundamental truths of our religion.

Of course I mean the fatherhood of God. Hitherto they have deified the forces of nature in their effort to feel after him, if haply they might find him, but nature is sullen-tempered in Japan, with frequent bursts of typhoon-wrath and passionate earthquake trembling. Therefore their visual representations of deity have chiefly been great, angry beings, crying out to be appeased. These pantheistic conceptions have also weakened the notion of deity by breaking the divine power into millions of pieces, the Japanese pantheon containing 800,000,000 gods. Yet the numerous images of Jizō the Merciful tell us that after all the worshipers yearn toward a revelation of the love of a personal God, and the last vestige of doubt is removed when we gaze into the compassionate face of the Deity of Boundless Light, the Dai-Butsu

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at Kamakura. The noblest ideals of the race have embodied themselves in that vast image, before whom troops of adoring devotees pass in a perennial stream. Conceive their thoughts as being led up to believe, not that this great father-image is half emblem and half tombstone of a former golden age, but that it is the visualized cry of the universal human soul, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" —and that it is also the faint human foreshadowing of One eternally compassionate, the Father of us all, in whom, indeed, we live and move and have our daily being. Conceive of their wonderful filial love as being led up to its logical fulfilment, from father through teacher to prince, and finally to rest in him who is King of kings and Lord of lords. Then their loyalty will bind them in a religious devotion, warmed by their innate power to perceive the beautiful, and vitalized by their energy to do as

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well as to be, such as will rank them in the forefront of the religious peoples of history. Conversely, the clarified vision of the person of God will inevitably quicken their own dormant sense of personality, so that a richer spiritual soil will enlarge and ripen the now dwarfed fruitage of moral impersonality,—and as they grow into a sense of sonship to God they will also perceive in every man their brother, and their sympathies will widen to include the world. Once really teach the divine Fatherhood, and the brotherhood of man is a fact accomplished. Of course, God should be revealed in his completeness, as a God of "infinite pity, yet also infinite rigor of law;" and it must be clearly shown to them that the love of Christ is made perfect because his love is the fulfilling of the law.

The Japanese are not slow to believe, when proper opportunity is given, that Jesus Christ is the revelation of the Father.

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The fact that most securely seals them in this faith is his perfect morality, as morality is understood by them. They see that he was absolutely loyal to his Father. So he fulfilled the law.

They are also quick to recognize the roundness and crystal clearness of his character with an appreciation that surprises us, in view of their own defective morality. I well remember how, when teaching the life of Christ to a class of brilliant teachers, they showed increasing interest week by week, until at length, when he entered and cleansed the temple, one of them cried, "Now we see that he is perfect! His gentleness has seemed supreme, as with Booddha, but now this one touch of masculine fire, unselfish but flaming, reveals that he lacked not one iota of perfection." The story of the cross, when finally we reached it, unveiled him in a blaze of blended glory, love, and strength

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to eyes that were filled with sympathetic tears.

The Japanese are in many ways predisposed and prepared for Christianity. By nature they are of a noble, generous spirit, keenly alive to the beautiful, and with a courtesy that defies comparison. What I have written by way of criticism has been set down reluctantly, for in my heart I love them, as all must who really know them. I have written it because it is the truth, and because I believe it to be the outcome of a faith in itself defective, yet serving very well as a schoolmaster to lead them to Christ. If we had shown one tithe of the energy in supplying them with our ideals that we have evinced in developing our commerce, Japan, with her marvelous alertness and power of adaptation, would be nominally Christian to-day. I say "nominally," because the development of a real spiritual growth is always slow. But the

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nominal must precede the actual, and so the evangelization of Japan is the supreme duty of the Christian church at this hour. The number of properly qualified missionaries ought to be multiplied a hundredfold; men of large mold, with patience and dignity and, if you please, with the saving grace of humor, which is always the accompaniment of common sense; men, above all, of character, that strange, sweet product of Christ's spirit living in a human shrine; and they will approach these foreordained leaders of the East with sympathy and persuasion, linking the revealed truth of God to the law already written in their hearts, and leading their precious human loyalty up into the loyalty that is love for God and all men. These ardent energizers of the East, once their spirits are quickened by Christ's flame, will bear his light inevitably to their fellows in Asia, and thus the "land of the rising

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sun"[1] shall fulfil the glorious destiny of her name. Zio Heil!

* * * * *

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy people also shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land forever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified. A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in his time.

[1] This is the literal meaning of the word Japan.

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NOTE ON PRONUNCIATION

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A word may be easily divided into its component syllables by simply applying the rule that wherever a vowel or the diphthong *ai* occurs, there is the end of a syllable; for every syllable in the Japanese language ends either in one of these or with the consonant *n*. Wherever this letter occurs, it is attached to the preceding vowel before the syllable is formed. Double consonants simply denote emphasis; thus: *Nip-pon*, each *p* being sounded.

Marks above *o* and *u* indicate that the vowel sounds are prolonged, having the value of *o* in "whole" and of *u* in "rude." When the vowels are not so marked, they have the following approximate values:

a as in ah
e " " men
i " " machine
o " " so
u " " bush
ai=I

Roughly speaking, there is no accent, all of the syllables receiving equal emphasis, except when otherwise indicated by the double consonants or the marks above the protracted vowels.

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